THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

Prince Leopold is going on satisfactorily.

Mr. Gladstone is suffering from a severe cold.

O'Donovan Rossa is chiefly employed at Chatham Prison in darning the convicts' stockings, in which he is stated to be an expert hand. Like all the other convicts, the Fenian prisoners have to attend school for so many hours daily.

Dr. Lewis, of Carmarthen, visited Llethernuadd on Wednesday evening. He found the "fasting girl" in a most satisfactory condition. Her pulse was not so hurried as on Tuesday, and her cheeks were less flushed than on that day. Her pulse was 120 per minute. She was precisely the same weight as when the watching commenced on Thursday afternoon last. She was exceedingly composed, and appeared very comfortable. There was no sympton that would lead Dr. Lewis to apprehend any physical prostration supervening. The nurses (from Guy's Hospital) report that there has been no attempt to convey food to the child clandestinely, nor has the girl expressed the slightest wish to have food of any kind. Up to Thursday morning she had been watched for six and a half days.

A very pretty girl, of about 18, applied to the Central Commissary of Police at Lille, a few days back, to obtain for her the authorisation necessary to visit Traupmann in his prison. "What have you got to say to him?" asked the functionary. "Sir, the matter is very simple," she replied; "he is alone, and requires care and amusement. If I went and stayed with him for the time he still has to live I should be most attentive, and he could leave me the 4000f. which he still possesses." The astounded magistrate endeavoured to make the young woman understand the impropriety and immorality of her suggestion, but she did not see the case in that light, and simply remarked, "But, sir, his money will be lost, and he is so dull aloue!"

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Saunders, announced to appear at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday next, is "The Infant Phenomenon" immortalised by Charles Dickens.

It is stated that Baron Rothschild would have been one of the new Peers but for the difficulty which would have arisen about the oath on taking his seat. The Lords still swear "on the true faith of a Christian."

Captain Allen, of the bark "Scottish Bride," has been favoured with a sight of the long-lost sea serpent. He was in his cabin at dinner, when he was summoned on deck by his second mate. There he found the crew assembled on the starboard side of the vessel, looking with "awe-stricken" faces in the water. He also joined them, and a sight met his eye the memory of which, he says, will never fade. About four feet from the vessel lay the monster, "accompanied by a smaller specimen of its own species." It (the mother serpent) was about twenty-five feet in length and proportionately thick; its head was very large and flat, while at each side, on the extreme edge, were set two bright scintillating eyes, "looking dangerous and wicked." Its back was covered with large scales, like the crocodile, about three inches in length, which hooked together and formed an impenetrable armour. Its belly was of a tawny yellow colour, and altogether hideous. The child serpent was but a few feet in length, but in shape and colour closely resembled its mother. The captain gave orders to have a boat lowered to attack the monster, but the little serpent was too sharp for him. Its attention had by this time been called to the presence of the vessel; it raised its head a few inches above the surface and then went towards its parent, and seemed to tell her of the circumstance, upon which she immediately disappeared, head downwards, her body describing a circle like a hook, thus exposing to view her tail, which Captain Allen says tapered off to a sharp point. The calm that had beset the vessel now gave way to a storm, much to the alarm of the sailors, who during the whole of the next night would not go on deck without lanterns, such was their fear of again meeting this disagreeable creature with her offspring. This occurred in lat. 38·16 deg. long. 74·09, and the officers and crew of the ship testify, we are told, to the truth of the story in all its essential points.

We have heard of a most mysterious and disagreeable occurrence at the Tower of London which is enough to set the nerves of the whole nation on edge. For some days, or rather nights, past the shadow of an axe has appeared on one of the walls of the building. This shadow made its last appearance, unless we are misinformed, in 1848, but what it has been doing since that time we cannot say. There is no shyness whatever about it now; it does not object to be stared at, and excites the curiosity of all who have the privilege if not the pleasure, of inspecting it.

During the last financial year 1,068,221 dogs were taxed in the United Kingdom, and the proceeds amonted to 267,055 5s., 57,124 licences to kill game were granted, and the proceeds reached 163,874*l*. Fourteen persons only were licenced to make playing cards, and the revenue was enriched by their taxation to the extent of 14*l*. only. But upwards of 1,000*l*. resulted from the licences to sell playing cards, of which 8,748 were issued. 26,908,115 newspaper stamps were issued, and the gross sum produced was 115,987*l*. 19s. 6d.

The violent gale of Thursday night is stated to have done extensive damage to property in various parts of the metropolis, and there are vague reports of several serious accidents, of which no particulars, however, are given. In the river extra precautions had been taken to secure the vessels moored in the Pool from damage; but six ships, nevertheless, broke from their moorings, and were greatly damaged. Five barges were also sunk by the water washing over their sides. Below Gravesend an unloaded barge was capsized after collision with another vessel, and two men drowned. At Blackwall a seaman was blown off the brig "Seymour," of Shields, and drowned. It is feared from the news received at Lloyd's, and the statement of captains of vessels which arrived in the river this morning, that the list of shipwrecks and loss of life will be very heavy. A large number of vessels are already known to have been lost. A brig foundered near Withernsend, and all hands are supposed to have perished. About fifty vessels have put into port with bulwarks washed away and decks swept, and there have also been numerous collisions, one of which resulted in loss of life. Warnings were again despatched to the principal ports this morning.

One generally looks to the epilogue of the Westminster play for something original in the way of satire On the present occasion the commencement is good, enough. With some wit, and, in well-written verses. the exclusively athletic tendencies of the modern youth are very fairly dealt with, and, as a sort of *pendant* to this it is fair enough to say something of the modern tendency of women to give themselves to intellectual pursuits. But surely there might be some more original conclusion to this than such commonplaces as "Let husband and wife reign together with divided power. Let the husband have a vote, and make money, and manage affairs out of doors, while the wife keeps house and looks after the clothes, and brings up her boys respectably. So will she be like the violet, which breathes sweet odours while itself lies hid." Such sentiments may be very respectable, but they strike us as somewhat trite.

M. Raspail was originally intended for the church by a pious mother, who had dreams of her son wearing a mitre. He actually studied in an ecclesiastical seminary for several years; but he clearly was not "cut out" for holy orders. His own account of his severance from Mother Church is, to say the least, characteristic. He sought out his bishop, and said, "My lord, I cannot stay—I do not believe a word of what I am required to teach!" The bishop sighed, and made answer—"Neither do I; but go in peace!"

The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"There is no enthusiasm here about the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh, such as was felt last year when His Royal Highness was expected. The Australian revelations have had a very bad effect here."

It is said that Mr. Byron received 600*l*. for the copyright of his new drama, *Uncle Dick's Darling*.

The following scene, which would lose by translation, took place, according to the *Gaulois*, during a recent sitting of the Canadian Parliament:—

"Un membre est à la tribune et s'élève avec la plus grande véhémence contra l'invasion de la mode des crinolines:

"— ... Oui, messieurs, c'est là une mode immorale; ce qu'il faut lui reprocher, avant tout, c'est d'être un mensonge en action. Depius l'introduction de cette mode, messieurs, il n'est plus possible d'arriver à ...

"*Le président* (avec dignité): Monsieur...

"*L'orateur*: D'arriver à...

"*Le président*: Assez! Monsieur!...

"*L'orateur*: Mais enfin!...

"*Le président*: Je vous rappelle à l'ordre!

"*L'orateur*: Laissez-moi au moins finir ma phrase!

"*Le président*: Je vais être obligé de vous retirer la parole!

"*L'orateur*: D'arriver à...

"*Le président*: Puisque l'honorable opinant s'obstine à nous menacer de la fin de sa phrase, Messieurs les huissiers, faites évacuer les tribunes, faites au plus vite sortir le public, surtout les dames.

"*(Tous les dames restent.)*

"*L'orateur (élevant la voix au milieu du tumulte)*: D'arriver à la vérité!

"*(Désappointées, toutes les dames sortent.)*"

The following sequel to the "Darling Charlie" advertisement, quoted last week, reveals the cloven hoof:—

"CHARLIE, my dear boy—Why, oh why did you not meet my sister at the Cattle Show as desired? She anxiously and hopefully watched for you by the Model House covered with HARDING'S FLEXIBLE ROOFING, but in vain. Can you deceive her longer? If you are determined to go abroad, let me advise you as one of our family to take some of that Flexible Roofing (it's only a penny per foot), so that you can, if needed, erect a cot for yourself, and eventually receive dearest Laura as you promised—she is perfectly willing. If impassible to see us again before your departure use this medium to acquaint us of your intentions, which we believed to be both honourable and matrimonial.—From your old college chum,—HORACE."

Mr. Harding deserves some credit. Does he give any?

The following are among recent American "notions" for which patents have been applied:—An application of the "Lord's Prayer," repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering; a weight to be attached to a cow's tail to prevent her switching it while being milked; a "horse-refresher"—a bit perforated with holes, and connected with a reservoir in the vehicle by a flexible tube, so that the driver can water the animal without stopping. A lady has patented a hair crimping pin, which may be also used as paper-cutter, skirt supporter, child's pin, bouquet-holder, shawl fastener, or book-mark. A philanthropist has applied for protection to a "snorers' friend," a luxurious contrivance to be attached to church pew-backs, so that in certain familiar exigencies one may sleep in peace and comfort.

The Civil Tribunal of Paris has just given the following judgment in a case between an architect of houses and an architect of her own fortune. M. Parvillée, architect, brought an action against Mdme. Louise Mayer, who gained the cause. She is a lady of that world about which folk think and speak so much in Paris, though they pretend to ignore it, and is the owner and occupier of one of the best-looking houses in the Avenue de la Reine Hortense. At the commencement of 1868 she was living under the protection of Fazil Pasha—about whom we have heard a great deal lately—brother to the Viceroy of Egypt; and, as a mark of attention to his Highness, she employed the plaintiff, who had previously been charged with the ornamental part of the Ottoman exhibition in the Palace of the Champ de Mars.

She engaged him to decorate a large hall and a bath room in her house in the Oriental style. The works were to include a cupola of stained glass, an aviary, a fountain, a conservatory, a monumental chimney-piece, panels of embroidered satin, divans, hangings of silk brocade from Bagdad, and a magnificent bath, electro-silvered, and surrounded with garlands in which flowers and cupids were to be entwined. M. Parvil'ée was to receive 24,000f. for his services, which sum he has been paid; but, as Mdme. Mayer had ordered sundry changes during the progress of the work, he claimed 12,000f. for additional expenses, and, not being able to obtain payment, brought the present action. The Court, however, nonsuited him, on the ground that his receipt for the 24,000f. was given without reserve, and in full of all demands. He was likewise condemned to pay all costs.

THE GRUMBLER.

GRUMBLE at everything? Do I? No, I don't. I should have enough to do if I did. Public buildings? Why, we haven't one. What do we call St. Paul's? Why, it is so begrimed with soot that no human being has ever seen it, and now-a-days would cost more to clean than ever it took to build it. Fine site? Yes, stuck in such a corner that you would break your neck if you tried to look up at it. Ludgate-hill going to be widened, is it?—and so it should be, but it won't—not in our time, at all events. One side of Paternoster-row should be pulled down. Of course it should, but it isn't—and what is more, won't be in the lifetime of man. The Palace of Westminster—bah! So stuck in a hole, one must get in a penny steamer to even peep at it. Fine edifice!—is it? Well, it will be much finer before long, for it will have all crumbled into dust before the frescoes inside are dry. The Thames Embankment completed! Is it? You mean, I suppose, the one-half and an eighth of it; the rest never will be—for, except the bit opposite the Houses, the remaining portion, of course, remains a set-off. Portions of the Surrey side should have been begun at the time the Middlesex contracts were completed. Of course they should, but they wern't. The same plant and machinery would have served, and much expense been saved—but it wasn't. What do I think of Holborn Viaduct? Why, it was a merciful Providence it did'nt fall in when our Gracious Sovereign passed over it. Why, the whole thing is a mull—a regular mull, like the granite columns from Ross of that ilk. Blackfriars Bridge? Yes, if it had not been spoilt by the ponderous heavy-looking railway, one within a foot of it. Reflects credit on Cubitt—does it? Well, it's a pity it was'nt two hundred cubits away from the other. What do I think of our columns—which, the Nelson or the York? Why, capital posts for telegraph wires. What does the York column commemorate? Do you suppose any living mortal ever knew? Most likely, marks the spot where the House of York gained some victory over the Lancastrians. What is the figure on the top? Why, one of our wretched statues erected to somebody, and put up there to be out of the way. Of course, whenever we make a statue we are ashamed of it, and the great difficulty is not to get the money to erect one, but to find a place after it is moulded and cast to hide it in. What of the Nelson Column? The lions, I suppose you mean—ah! yes, just because they happen to be fine—and they are really so—they are cast in such fine metal that there is every probability of their being in holes, and worn out before the coat of their distinguished designer. The figure of Nelson not bad—Isn't it? Well, at all events, I did not know him; but surely, if he was the great sailor they say, he did not want a coil of the Atlantic Cable to support him on the cross trees. Got some fine equestrian statues, have we? Name one! George with the pig-tail, or George in the stockings. Well, the one is good (barring the tail). The other detestable, excepting the sock. The Duke. Cock-a-horse on Constitution Hill! Ah, that is a pretty thing, more especially the horse that looks like Balaam's ass, braying at not being understood. By heavens, the whole mass of metal "frights the isle from her prosperity." If a policeman had poetry in his belt, instead of his staff, he would turn his bull's-eye on in this Frankenstein *à cheval*, and paraphrase Scott:—

Lives there the Man with taste so dead,
Who never to himself has said
This is a huge deformity!!
To art a vile enormity.
If such there be—we'll mark him well;
His want of taste we'll surely tell—
His name, too, shall be handed down!
And though progressing distant ages
Recorded in the undying pages
Of the Man About Our Town.

Published weekly—price 2d.—at 19, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Paris, December 16th.

THE last week has been one of rumours of the most absurd kind, which have been at once contradicted, and repeated the next day to be re-contradicted the next; but of all this medley of nonsense I think we can gather one fact, and that is, that no change of Ministry will take place until after the whole of the elections are validated, which will probably not be before the middle of next week. Then we may expect to see M. Emile Ollivier called on to form a Government out of the somewhat incongruous sections which more or less declare their adhesion to his banner, or, at least, to the principles of which he is the supposed advocate. It is by no means certain that M. Forcade de la Roquette will be left out in the cold, as his speech last Thursday, which was being delivered while my last letter was being written, has opened up a way for him to an alliance with the Tiers Parti, but I must say that, if he remains in office, people here will not be satisfied, as they want not only a new order of things, but new men to carry them out; and, if men like M. de la Valette and Forcade de la Roquette were to remain in the Government, it would be said, whether truly or not, that the Emperor did not mean really to give up personal government. What is really wanted is an entire change, and unless we get that, we shall go on grumbling and talking sedition until the strong arm of the law is down on us again, and we shall go back to the state of things which existed a few years back. *Dii avertite omen.* In the Chambers there have been some very noisy scenes. I doubt whether, in your St. Stephen's, you could excel the noise and confusion which has arisen on three or four occasions lately. I am sure that it would require Mr. Whalley, Serjeant Gaselee, and Darby Griffiths to be all talking at each other at once to give you an idea of the scenes which have occurred, especially during the absence of President Schneider, whose substitute was quite unequal to still the raging of the elements. I suppose they will settle down quietly after a time, but at present the Chamber is more like a bear-garden than an assembly of the Representatives of France. I am compelled to allow that M. de Rochefort's behaviour is not nearly so bad as many of the more moderate politicians. Possibly he means to adopt the *suaviter in modo fortiter in re* device, in which case we shall be much obliged to him, for there is nothing more distressing than to see a man, originally of a decent *status* in society, and who is undeniably clever and *spirituel*, prostituting himself to the vile mob of roughs and *gamins*, who applauded him so tumultuously at the "Folies Belleville." What are the odds against his being in two years' time a Minister of the Imperial Household? We have seen more extraordiuary things than that come to pass.

The best thing of the week, as they would say at Melton Mowbray, is the story of a rather celebrated *avocat* who had been passing a few weeks in his native place, a small country town. This town possessed a company of actors—and actresses, one of which latter, by the beauty of her person and the charm of her manners, quite fascinated M. Z——. They seem to have made a rendezvous in the park after the play was over. Z—— confided this fact to a friend, and to account for getting in there when the gates were closed, explained to him that they got over a small wall which was half in ruins, which, in fact, rendered him liable to a summons, it being against the law. His friend goes to the Club and tells this to several members, proposing to play Z—— a practical joke. When he comes in—his friend, in the meanwhile, having gone out—some one takes him on one side, and tells him he has been seen in the park with Mdlle. Clara, and that he had better go and square the police inspector, whom the park-keeper had been to for the purpose of issuing a *procés verbal*. Z—— was in a great state of mind to think that everyone was likely to know that he, a married man, and an *avocat*, had been seen in the park, at one in the morning, with an actress. He immediately goes to the inspector and tells him the whole story, who, of course, knowing nothing of it, sends to the Commissaire of Police, whom he *de novo* acquaints with his intrigues. The Commissaire tells him it is very serious, but that, fortunately, the park-keeper has not yet deposed his complaint, and advises him to go to the park-keeper and endeavour to settle it. Z—— loses no time in approaching this functionary, and, slipping a piece of gold into his hand, says—"You are an honest fellow, I know; but, as the mayor and the Commissaire are ready to let the thing drop, I hope I shall hear nothing more about it." The man, astonished, first at the present and then at the speech that followed, said—"But why do you give me twenty francs?" "Oh," the *avocat* replies, "you know last night? It was me." The keeper, not understanding, asked him what he meant, and the unsuspecting Z—— recounted for the fourth time his adventure. When he had finished, the man said, "So it was you who were walking over the turf last night, and who broke a lot of the young trees. I am glad to hear it from you, and shall at once summon you." "What, do you mean to say you knew nothing of it before?" "No; but you have informed me. So take back your twenty francs, for I mean to put a stop to this practice, which is becoming very frequent." The wretched Z—— had to pay a fine, and the whole town was made *au courant* with how the *avocat* passed his holiday!

I hear that Tropmann's trial has been definitely fixed for the 28th inst. Three days only have been reserved for this important trial, but as it will be taken the last case of the assizes, the 31st will be available for it, if a fourth day be required. I should imagine, however, that the evidence is so clear and overwhelming, that it will not be prolonged beyond the third day. One is curious to know whether he will make a full confession, and if so, whether he had accomplices, or if he will refuse to, and the *procureur-general* in his unenticing task. A curious coincidence is that the 28th—the day fixed for his trial—is the Feast of the Innocents, and of Tropmann's victims; five, you know, were children.

The death of the Duchesse d'Aumale has created a great feeling of regret here among the Orleanists, by all of whom she was beloved and respected for her unvarying kindness and charity. A funeral service in her memory was celebrated at the chapel of St. Ferdinand on Friday last, and was largely attended by those who were unable to come over to England to be present at the funeral at Weybridge. There could not have been less than 2,000 persons present, and the chapel, which is a small one, had been enlarged for the occasion by fixing a large tent, hung with black cloth, on to the end of the nave. I noticed General Changarnier, Baron Rothschild and his family, Emile Augier, Prevost Paradol, Count de Keratry, Casimir Perier, Admiral Fouchard, Mignet, &c., among those who had come to testify their respect to the late Duchess, and their devotion to the Orleanist party.

At this time of the year, when good fare is especially sought after, it may not be out of place to say a few words on Paris "feeding." There is, I find, a general impression amongst English people that Paris is a cheap place, especially in the nature of eatables and drinkables. There are places here where you may live cheaply, if not well, as there are are in London, and every other city in the world, but the prices in

the best hotels and restaurants are quite as high as they are in London. The Café Anglais and the Cafe Riche (of which it was said—*Il faut être riche pour dîner au Café Anglais et il faut être Anglais pour dîner au Café Riche*), the Maison d'Or, the Frères Provenceaux, Philippe's, Durand's, Voisin's, Bignon's, the Café de la Paix, are all very heavy in their charges, and the Moulin Rouge and Ledoyen's are little less expensive. They do you, of course, very well: but oysters, which cost a shilling a piece, and Bordeaux at two francs per glass, is a great *rabatjoie* to a good dinner. I should advise Durand's or Bignon's for breakfast; Philippe's, Voisin's, or the Café Anglais for dinner; and the Maison d'Or for supper—if money is no object. Every restaurant has its *specialité*, and as Philippe's is famous for the oyster, so is Voisin's for the red mullet *en caisse*, and its red wine *en cave*. There is a restaurant at the corner of the Boulevard Sevastopol, kept by Meyer, which is extremely good, and, I think, a shade less dear than those which I have named. But then the *petit creré* would think he was going to the other end of Europe if you asked him to accompany you to such outlandish quarters, and would take as affecting a farewell of his friends at the *petit circle*, as did Mr. Micawber when he started for Plymouth. Can the secret of its success be that so few of them go there (and, *par consequence*, so few of the ladies of the half-world) to raise the prices?

Every one who can get away is off to Nice for a month, where the play of a night at the Club is so much greater than at Monaco in the daytime. We are told that a well-known London discounter was admitted there, and in the afternoon proposed to cut in at a rubber of whist, where the four players were the Duc de Dinan, Lord R——ly, Mr. P——e, and Baron de R——d. The only one of the four who raised any objection was a member of his own persuasion (Jewish), who, though engaged in the same trade, evidently considered that the handle to his name raised him far above the level of the vulgar crowd. You remember the story of the pot and the kettle.

We are busy getting ready for the Jour de l'An—a very pleasant time for those who receive, but for the givers a season of woe and lamentation. The only advantage they derive is, that the *concierges* become absolutely civil lor a fortnight beforehand.

The first *bal masqué* of the season is to take place at the Gâite on Saturday, so that the preparations for the Carnival are commencing betimes.

Malta, 7th December.

THERE are few places of winter resort more delightful than Malta. Instead of the snow and frost, fog and gloom which inhabitants of more northern latitudes are favoured with at this dreary season of the year, Malta basks in the brightest sunshine, and enjoys the balmy breeze that sweeps over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. No wonder that so many English take up their abode here, for, besides these advantages, the cost of living is extremely moderate. For eight shillings per diem you can live like a gentleman at the Imperial Hotel, where a first-class *table d'hôte* breakfast and dinner is provided daily, with really good Marsala—so much better than indifferent sherry—at two shillings a bottle. This, added to cheerful society—for numerous travellers, both outward and homeward bound, make a stay here—tends to make the time pass away most pleasantly. Valetta, the chief town, takes its name from its founder, La Valette, one of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Its noble churches and sumptuous palaces attest the fact that a people of great refinement and taste have been the occupants of this island for ages past. Fortifications of immense strength encompass it on every side. Nature has done much, and science has lent her aid, to render the city impregnable.

No less than eight regiments are in barracks, and one sees more of "our brave defenders" there than in any other English garrison. All officers attending any place of public assembly, church included, are compelled to appear in uniform. This gives a remarkably gay appearance to the Opera. A magnificent theatre has recently been erected by Barry, at a cost of 50,000*l*. It bears a great resemblance to Covent Garden, but being built entirely of stone, it presents a far more imposing appearance than that house. A very fine company of Italian *artistes* perform during the season, and so moderate is the charge for admission, that subscribers are enabled to enjoy the luxury of a stall at a cost of about one shilling each night. Flowers are so extremely plentiful in the neighbourhood, that, on the occasion of a benefit, the fair songstress is literally pelted with choice bouquets.

Valetta rejoices in two noble harbours, formed by nature. These are generally full of shipping, for Malta is a great coaling station; and the view from the fortifications overlooking them, and out to sea, is superb. Not so the aspect inland. Malta being almost destitute of trees, the eye grows weary of gazing over miles of white, dusty plains, and burnt-up arable lands. The soil in many parts is marvellously fertile, and the orange, the lemon, and the olive thrive vigorously.

The national dress of the Maltese ladies is black silk. They wear a long cloak of the same material, gathered in at the top so as to form a hood for the head. It is very evident they do not study their personal appearance, for nothing can be more unbecoming than this costume.

The relations existing between the Maltese and the English are not of a very friendly nature. Our countrymen are at no great pains to render themselves agreeable to the Maltese, who follow our example, and visit exclusively amongst themselves. Faults there may be on both sides, but when one has the pleasure and privilege of being on intimate terms with a Maltese family, nothing can exceed their courtesy and hospitality.

Priests, monks, and friars are as plentiful as the sands on the sea-shore. The church bells are continually summoning the faithful to Divine service, and barely a day passes without a grand religious procession of some sort taking place. The church is immensely wealthy, and possesses great influence over its flock. The most tawdry images are occasionally carried about, possibly as aids to devotion; and it is painful enough to see the poor superstitious creatures absolutely grovelling on their knees until the interesting saint is out of sight.

A certain brotherhood of Carmelite monks, residing at a short distance from Valetta, hold amongst their religious tenets that it is necessary to salvation that no member of their monastery should, when death overtakes him, be buried like an ordinary mortal. Consequently, when one of the order "shuffles off this mortal coil," the corpse undergoes a certain preparation, and at the expiration of a year the skeleton, arrayed in the habit of the order, is placed in one of the niches of the chapel. Upon payment of a small fee the public is admitted to this charnel-house, and a hideous sight presents itself. It is sad to think such ghastly rites should be perpetrated in the name of religion, in a colony like Malta, and it is marvellous that the English Government permits such a disgusting exhibition to be carried on.

Cita Vecchia, also called Medina, the ancient chief town, is situate in the centre of the island. It possesses a fine cathedral, gaudily decorated; a few princely, though deserted mansions; and some highly interesting catacombs. About four miles from here is the Calle di San Paulo, where St. Paul is supposed to have landed after the shipwreck, and a monument is erected to commemorate the auspicious event. Even his footprints are shown; and it requires a great exercise of faith—a commodity rather scarce in these days—to believe all the guide-books tell you about this interesting spot; but in this priestridden place one is not surprised at any religious marvels. In many parts are to be seen ruins of churches—even of palaces—and other large buildings, that give a singularly melancholy aspect to "the dreary moorland." They seem to speak of a time when the island was in a more prosperous condition under the grand old knights than it now is under our rule.

Sliema, a suburb of Valetta, situate on the other side of the small harbour, is largely frequented by the Maltese merchants, who retire there with their families to enjoy sea-bathing during the hot season. The private houses are most substantially built of stone—there being immense quarries all over the island. Quadrangular in form, having a courtyard in the centre, they abound with large and airy apartments, and, like all Eastern dwellings, invariably possess a flat roof, whither the proprietor retires in the delicious evening time to smoke the calumet of peace and enjoy the exquisite view

"O'er the deep and silent sea."

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

ROLAND YORKE.*

WE have another sensational novel from the prolific pen of Mrs. Henry Wood. Sensational is, perhaps, hardly the word, although the tale commences by a scene for which that appears the only appropriate expression; but beyond this, and beyond the fact that the story turns upon a supposed suicide, which is really a murder, the story is everyday and matter-of-fact enough, and there is not a hero or a heroine in it. The scene to which we have alluded is highly dramatic. A barrister on the circuit is supposed to have died by his own hand, and is therefore "to be put away without burial service." In a rural, not much-frequented churchyard, dotted with old graves, its small grey church standing in the middle, a crowd of people are collected. It is moonlight; as the clock strikes twelve the grave-diggers throw out their last spadeful from the shallow grave, and eight men bearing a coffin, covered with a woollen shawl, approach with measured tread. Amidst a dead silence, save for the creaking of the cords, the sable covering is cast aside, and the coffin is lowered. The glare of the torches, which the men bearing them sweep round rather dangerously, discloses the inscription on the lid—

JOHN OLLIVERA.
Aged 28.

Then, those officially connected with the brief ceremony leave the ground, but, before the crowd assembled have time to depart, a woman comes forward to the grave. She kneels down like "the Ladye" in Sir Bertram's dirge, for a few moments as if in prayer; then rising, and allowing her bonnet to fall from her face and bright flaxen hair, she speaks:—

"I think it would be a wicked thing to let you disperse this night with a false belief in your minds," she says. "Listen to my words, please, all you who hear me. I believe that a dreadful injury has been thrown upon Mr. Ollivera's memory: I solemnly believe that *he did not die by his own hand*. Heaven hears me assert it."

And then she moves away, "pulling her bonnet on her head, as she goes, and drawing her shawl around her."

It will be admitted that this opening is somewhat sensational, but, as we said before, the rest of the story is very quietly told.

The circumstances of the death are as follows. We are told that

The judges came in from Oxford to hold the Spring Assize, bringing in their wake the customary multiplicity of followers.

Amidst the barristers who arrived was Mr. Ollivera. He had written to secure his former lodgings at Mr. Jones's in High-street. He got in between six and seven on the Saturday evening, ordered tea and two mutton chops, and went out to pay a visit to the widow of a Colonel Joliffe. he spent a couple of hours with her and her daughter, and then returned to his room and went to his bed. On the following day he attended prayers in the Cathedral, with Mrs. and the Miss Joliffes. (His landlady, Mrs. Jones, gives it as her opinion that he is courting one of the Miss Joliffes), and on Monday morning the trials commenced, and he was in court a great portion of the day. It was a civil action touching some property in which Mrs. Joliffe was remotely interested. The London solicitors were the good old firm of Greatorex and Greatorex, and on the same evening Mr. Bede Greatorex arrived, took a fly, and was driven to the Star and Garter Hotel. He was a partner in the firm, and his journey had reference to the next day's action. Declining any refreshment, Mr. Bede Greatorex asked to be directed to Mr. Ollivera's lodgings, and was at once shown up to him They shook hands heartily in the presence of the servant who opened the door, and in about an hour's time Mr. Bede Greatorex walked back to his hotel. Subsequently he passed the evening at Mrs. Joliffe's, where a few words of private conversation passed between him and Louisa Joliffe,

* *Roland Yorke.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of *East Lynn, &c.*

which it will be necessary to quote for the better elucidation of the story:—

"Louisa, is it as it should be between us?" he whispered.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Greatorex," was the answer.

"Silly!" She bent her head—not speaking.

"What do you mean, Louisa? Our engagement was entered upon deliberately. You gave me every hope. You cannot play with me now. Speak Louisa." He had taken possession of her hand, and was keeping her before him: his dark eyes gleaming with their doubt and love, looked straight into her.

"What?" She faintly asked, "Why do you question it?"

"Because your manner is strange; you have avoided me ever since I came in."

"The surprise was so great."

"Surely a pleasant surprise! I intended it as such. Do you suppose I should have cared to come down on this business to Mr. Ollivera when writing would have answered every purpose? No, I came to see you, and to learn why—"

"Not now! I pray you, not to-night. Take another opportunity"

The words reassured him.

"Then Louisa, all is right between us?

"Yes! yes, of course it is. I will write and explain everything."

At a quarter to eleven it is narrated that Mr. Bede Greatorex took his departure, and at a quarter to eight the next morning a waiter came to his door with the startling intelligence that something had happened to Mr. Ollivera.

The tale was singular; a sister of the landlady where the barrister had been lodging had a dream. She dreamt she saw Mr. Ollivera in his sitting-room, dead. She got up and opened the door of the sitting-room, so vivid was the painful impression upon her. "He was lying back in his easy chair, dead and cold. The right arm hung down over the side, and immediately underneath it on the carpet, looking as if it had dropped from the hand, lay the discharged pistol.

Such were the circumstances of the case, and it would have seemed perfectly clear that the deceased had committed suicide, but that no earthly reason could be discovered for his doing so. He was proved to be in a perfectly clear, calm state of mind, in no pecuniary embarrassment—in no embarrassment whatever. He was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and had been seen by the whole of the household during the day in a state of perfect health and tranquillity.

The verdict was an impossible verdict, and his brother, aided by a clever detective, set themselves to work to discover the truth. The interest of the book is well kept up through the necessary three volumes. The suspicions of the reader as to the perpetrator of the crime are made perpetually to vacillate between a certain George Pitman, who was lodging at Mrs. Jones's, and who, giving out that he was about to leave the town by a certain train, did not leave by that train, but was discovered to have returned stealthily to the house. Alleytha Rye, who knelt by the grave in the churchyard, and who dreamt the true dream, and "dreams is curious things not to be despised," as is observed by the crafty Mr. Butterby. Louisa Joliffe, who was playing fast and loose between her two lovers; and Bede Greatorex himself. It is not until the last chapter, which contains the confession of the whole, that anything like certainty is obtained.

A FACT.—The Man About Town having to escort a country cousin to the Waterloo Station on Thursday evening last, after the close of the Lyceum Theatre, inadvertently gave the toll-keeper at Waterloo Bridge a half-crown and one penny instead of twopence. On arriving at the railway station he found out his mistake, and upon returning pulled up his cab at the toll-bar, when the following dialogue ensued:—

M. A. T.: "Holloa, old fellow! I gave you half-a-crown instead of a penny some twenty minutes since."—Toll-man: "Did you, sir? When did you pass?"—M. A. T.: "Just after the closing of the Lyceum Theatre."—Toll-man: "Had you a friend with you?"—M. A. T.: Yes, I had."—Toll-man: "In a Hansom?"—M. A. T.: "Yes."—Toll-man: "Was the half-crown like this?" (whereupon the tollman not only handed the M. A. T. back the half-crown, but refused any sort of compensation! Who, after this, says there is not honesty in London?

ANSWER TO CHARADE—PAGEANT.—Correct answers received from E. J. C., Dunce, Dearest Elizabeth, A. F. P., Œdipus, Pimlico Tom Cat, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIGARO.—It is clearly a "shave." How can you be taken in by such absuddities.

FORTY.—We cannot furnish you with the address of a "respectable discounter." There are one or two things beyond us, and that is one.

R. Y.—Ah, why, indeed! Your information is wrong in every particular. We knew her and her history well. You falsify one and traduce the other.

GRACE.—You are a Darling! I suppose you would have no objection—at all events before dinner—to our saying "our Grace"?

X.—We are sorry you are angry—more for your sake than our own. You can't imagine how you neglect the elegancies of style when you are in a passion. Can any amount of virtuous indignation justify your spelling "suppress" with one "p"?

ADELE.—We have no idea.

CUPID.—Unfortunately your effusion arrived too late.

LEX.—If the testatrix, *dum se bene gesserit*, stood *in loco parentis*, the *fi. fa.* being duly interpleaded under her coverture, a rule *nisi, cæteris paribus*, might possibly be granted by the parties to the contract; or it mightn't. Consult "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

P., HOSPES, AND SEVERAL OTHERS.—The accent is on the *first* syllable in mocassin; hence it can be no rhyme, except to the eye, to "assassin."

VECTIS.—We *were* aware of the fact to which you poetically call our attention.

MACKIE SAGOR.—The first cartoon will be issued on the 25th inst.

A. MYERS.—We congratulate you. As we have already stated, we *place* three, but only *decorate* one.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The committee clearly have the power to postpone the meeting indefinitely. Your letter of complaint should be addressed to a purely sporting paper.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competition papers received from:—Triple Harp, Lebas, Calendar, Cogs, Xonuas, Thingumbob, Wales, Farmer F., Brother Tham, J. L. P., Chota Dussera, Dundreary, Too Open, Maria Louisa B., Emily Margaret, Zeno.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

On Saturday, the 25th inst., a COLOURED CARTOON *will be issued with each number of the impression.*

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

THE question of dress is always a delicate one. None but the most experienced matrons can pronounce off-hand whether a dress is high or low, becoming or unbecoming, good or bad taste, suitable or the reverse, and so on. It is especially difficult in the present day to lay down the law as to when a lady is *over*-dressed or not, each craft appearing to crowd the fullest possible sail, and to be unable to take in or let out a single reef without damaging her figure-head. (This nautical simile is copyright, but arrangements may be made for producing it at the Surrey). It would, at all events, require an *arbiter elegantiarum* to decide the point, and I think it, therefore, somewhat strange that the verdict of some dirty little boys in Kensington Gardens should be treated with the respect I find accorded to it by a generally fastidious contemporary. The story of the three damsels who, attired in lilac, and black, and scarlet, and crowned with *chapeaux de brigand*, were hooted out of the gardens by a gang of ill-conditioned ruffians, must be familiar to the reader. Not so, perhaps, the comment in question, which lays down as an axiom that persons so "over-dressed" must not be surprised at rude behaviour or insult. This truly national sentiment is, of course, intelligible in a land where a miserable man in a turban or a buffalo robe is mobbed out of his senses; but its application in this particular case is, I think, a little harsh. A small gang of unwashed Sunday loafers is hardly a competent tribunal to pronounce authoritatively on sumptuary matters, even had the dresses in question been *outré*, which, for the period, they were not. Any day, any where, objects at which a few years ago well-conducted dogs would have barked may be seen pursuing the even tenour of their way without exciting the wrath of dumb animals. Surely if they endure this test they may be considered harmless before roughs. It will be an agreeable pleasantry if our things are to be shouted off our backs by a school of art students who wish to study from the "nood." It is significant that they never seem to care to draw from the antique.

The liberal reward offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of the recent outrages at Highbury has failed hitherto to bring those humorous persons to light. This is to be regretted for two reasons—first, because the magistrates are, in consequence, deprived of the pleasure of complimenting them on their spirited violation of the law; and secondly, because we, the general public, are defrauded of a sight of great natural curiosities. Gentlemen whose watches are so slow, who have been born so absurdly late, who belong so clearly to another age, almost owe it to the public to come forward and be stared at. It is not everyone now-a-days who has the courage to revive the faded glories of the Mohock in paved, lighted, orderly, nineteenth century streets. Most judicious persons, it has been imagined, would rather have the cholera than sing a hymn in Regent-street at noon, and few, I should fancy, but would prefer a good attack of croup to wrenching a knocker or cutting a bell-wire. There is something indescribably daring in rousing unoffending persons out of their sleep, damaging their property, and abusing them like pickpockets when they remonstrate. It requires so rare a union of the snob and the rough, such an awful combination of Bob Sawyer and Bill Sikes, that the type must be as infrequent as the white elephant. The privilege, therefore, of seeing, and even of pelting with decomposed eggs such rare birds should be accorded to an admiring public, even though we had to restore a pillory to grace the occasion. It was unfortunate for the proprietor of the Barn that these blustering railers should have made their visit to that Bower the excuse for murdering the repose of Highbury. The Bower, though not very accessible, is pretty, provides dramatic and other entertainments at a cheap rate, and is, in the main, reasonably well conducted. But, if it is to serve as an educational establishment for under(bred) graduates who desire to "go up" for knocker-wrenching and bell-pulling, it were better that the Barn should be purged, and its contents thrashed.

There is a curious exhibition lately opened at the Egyptian Hall which is worth a visit. It consists, first, of a series of dioramic scenes, somewhat on the principle of the Ancient Magic Cave attached to the Lowther Bazaar, in which sections of Paris, St. Petersburg, and other capital subjects, are viewed through peepholes. The second part of the entertainment is devoted to the performance of a number of mechanical toys, some of which are extremely ingenious. There is a six-foot Zouave, who salutes and sounds the calls (slightly out of tune) on his bugle, and a negro drummer-boy, who beats the tattoo, and smokes a real cigar in distinct puffs like a Christian. There is a duck which quacks solemnly; there is a boatman who rows about on a tank; there are phaetons, barrows, and bicycles propelled by clockwork; there are birds which sing, flowers which blossom, butterflies which hover, and a hundred other curiosities, meet both for children and such as are of riper years. A mechanical piano, fed apparently by pieces of

cribbage-board, discourses eloquent music during the performance, which is short enough and bright enough to form an agreeable relief to the long, dark afternoons which turn the interval between food and food to madness.

The cluster of forlorn, decayed, dilapidated houses in Stamford-street are at length to be put into "ornamental and decorative repair." The laying of these architectural ghosts will greatly relieve the minds of the nervous dwellers in Mesopotamia, whose souls must have wearied at the stare of those sightless eyes which harmonise so ill with the low-life and high activity of the New Cut. It were well if so happy an example were followed in other similarly afflicted parts of the town. Not to mention the weird little tenements opposite Hyde Park, Turner's House in Queen Anne-street, and similar notorious eyesores, there are one or two brick and mortar nightmares in the vicinity of Lincoln's and Gray's Inn, mysteriously grim enough to banish sleep from the eyelids of any one (not an attorney-at-law and solicitor) in the same parish. Full of tremendous secrets they look, saturated with horrible legends and traditions, ill-gotten gold under every fire-place, fraudulent wills behind every wainscot, human bones in the pantry, and spots of human gore on the stairs. If there were arras in the chambers, how it would stir and rustle, how furniture would creak, owls hoot, and chains clank! Yet I suppose there is nothing worse than Chancery about them after all. Heaven help and assoil them if there is!

I am happy to be in a position to give my readers some authentic intelligence from the Œcumenical Council. The three following anecdotes have been "wired" to me by one of the most venerable of the suffragans now in the Eternal City.

"*Une foule immense*," said the cultivated and Catholic Jones, then in the Corso, "is assembled to-day in St. Peter's to hear the Papal Homily." "Naturally," returned the uncultivated and Protestant Smith, "No one *but* a big fool would go there for such a purpose."

"Why does Mgr. L'Evêque de —— talk so fast?" inquired somebody of somebody. "Because he is a mill," was the reply, "which always goes a hopper when there is nothing to grind."

The learned and revered —— has been compared to a bell. Whenever he makes a noise it is always in favour of his friend.

London Lyrics.

No. XI.

A BALLAD OF BURDENS.

BY A BORED BACHELOR.

AFTER A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE burden of fair women. O, of all
The heavy burdens that a man must bear
I think the greatest is a London ball,
Where bad champagne, and heads of doubtful hair,
And grisly dowagers, and impure air,
And very odd and wild shapes of attire,
The intellect and appetite appal—
Is this the end of every man's desire?

The burden of flirtations. These grow tame
When half-a-dozen seasons are gone by:
The touch, the voice, the vow are much the same—
The words that nothing mean, the idle sigh,
The easily-pretended languid eye—
The strong conviction that one's such a liar!
For to be real it's no use to try—
Is this the end of every man's desire?

The burden of soft speeches. How d'ye do?
How *do* you do? I hope you're *very* well!
It seems such ages since I last saw you!
Why didn't you come and see me? Truth to tell,
I daily hoped to meet you in Pall-mall,
So didn't write to you in Blankyshire—
What, *must* you go? Just let me ring the bell:—
Is this the end of every man's desire?

The burden of good living. You shall hear
The doctor gently murmuring round your bed.
"A little bilious—humph! I rather fear
That you have recently been overfed—
Too generous diet. I propose instead
A pill and draught, besides a change entire."
Pains in the stomach, achings in the head—
Is this the end of every man's desire?

The burden of bright colours. I have seen
Tartan costumes, and satins rich and rare,
Real velvet and the duller velveteen,
And all the gaudy things that women wear,
Until my eyes the brightness cannot bear;
The fashionable follies of attire
Must in these days make solemn husbands swear—
Is this the end of every man's desire?

The burden of four seasons. In the spring
The east wind whistles through each tortured bone,
The summer dries me up with scorching wing,
The damp, dull autumn makes my spirit groan,
And in November's fogs I'm lorn and lone.
Next, crouching in my chambers near the fire,
The Christmas bills transform my heart to stone—
Is this the end of every man's desire?

The burden of much gladness. Rubbish, all
The fancied joy of dissipated nights,
The "little" dinner, and the opera stall,
The *première danseuse* in her pink silk tights,
The ballroom brilliant with its loves and lights,
The stage with its dull plays and much red fire.
No "jolly" Nash—no "great" Vance me delights—
Is this the end of every man's desire?

L'ENVOY.

Young men, I'll offer you a slight suggestion:
If you of life and pleasure would not tire,
Be moderate, and cultivate a good digestion—
This is the end of every man's desire.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

THE winter operatic season was brought to a close on Saturday night by an excellent performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdlle. Titiens' representation of the much-maligned Duchess is now without a rival, and we may unhesitatingly say as much for Mr. Santley's Duke, in which character we have seen most of those, including the mighty Lablache, who have made the part famous. Signor Mongini's idea of Gennaro bears no comparison with the perfect rendering of Signor Mario, but he is improving in style and finish, and with such a voice as his everything else may be conceded. To those who recollect the matchless delivery of the famous *brindisi* by Alboni, or even the hilarious warbling of that commonplace ditty by Mesdames Trebelli, Angri, De Méric, or Nantier Didiée, Mdlle. Scalchi's "Il Segreto" must have seemed thin and feeble; while the Gubetta of Signor Autonnucci lacked the spirit which Signor Tagliafico—especially when he seizes the supper-knife and makes for Orsini's throat—threw into that small part. Still the performance was, on the whole, very meritorious, and brought the second season to a pleasant and successful termination. When we consider what has been effected in the short period of five weeks during which that season has lasted, a period which has hitherto been without so much as a chorus, we can appreciate the extent of our obligation to the "Amalgamated Directors." No fewer than thirteen operas, including the novelty of *Hamlet*, have been produced. Nor have they been treated with the scant courtesy usual in supplementary performances. Every work has had careful rehearsal, and has been placed upon the stage with care and completeness. The orchestra and chorus have been throughly up to the mark, as may indeed be relied upon when the direction is known to be in Signor Arditi's hands. We congratulate Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, so long the Montagu and Capulet of the operatic world, on the success of their "united house."

Mr. Byron has achieved a very well-deserved success in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, a three act drama, produced on Saturday last at the Gaiety. The plot owes something of its ingenuity and pathos to the story of Dr. Marigold; but there are essential points of difference, the *dénouement*, in particular, if not Mr. Byron's own, being certainly not Mr. Dickens's. By the aid of home and foreign assistance, the author has succeeded in constructing an interesting, healthy, pleasant play, which seems destined to a long and happy career. The acting of Mr. Toole in a part which was written for him, and fits him like a glove, was admirable; nor was that of Mr. Henry Irving less artistic in its way. Miss Neilson, although growing less harsh, angular, and mannered, has still much to learn, but is more agreeable as Mary Belton than in most of her other recent undertakings. The drama has been placed on the stage with the good taste characteristic of the Gaiety, which is the highest praise we know.

A new burlesque was produced on Saturday at the Charing Cross Theatre, the present tiny headquarters, I regret to say, of the remarkable dramatic failures of the period. The little theatre is such a *bijou*, and Miss Fowler is so pleasant and pretty, that we are the more sorry that all her strivings after novelty should have been so disastrously in vain. *Very Little Faust* was a very large failure; *Won at Last* never won at all; and now *Abon Hassan* is a sleeper who will never, we fear, be awakened. It was scarcely possible, one would have thought, for anyone to have treated such a theme without reflecting, in some slight degree, the humour of the incomparable "Wag." Mr. Arthur O'Neill has accomplished the arduous feat with unqualified success. We cannot now think of *Abon Hassan* without tears. The burlesque is as sad as a tragedy; and the hero as mournful as a mute. To sit through the performance is discipline, mental and corporal, of the severest kind. The really pretty scenery and picturesque dresses only heighten the impenetrable gloom of the piece. In such circumstances it is superfluous to talk of the acting. There can be no building without material. Miss Fowler, assisted by some courageous and devoted persons, endeavoured to galvanise the "Wag" into something like life; but their well-meant efforts were in vain. He fell dead—very dead, we may say.

R. I. P.

Mr. George Vining has reappeared at the Princess's during the week in *The Streets of London*.

Mr. Sala's burlesque, *Wat Tyler*, will take the place of *Linda of Chamouni* at the Gaiety on Monday.

It is not, we believe, generally known that Mrs. Landers, announced to appear at the Lyceum, is the veritable Infant Phenomenon immortalized in "Nicholas Nickleby."

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

PRIZE WORD NO. VIII.—MONTH.

First—

Yes, this is how the legend runn'th,
Which youthful ardour so inspires:—
"A. Noodle to the Onety Oneth,
Vice P. Doodle, who retires."
It *never* happens, in a month,
That the resplendent ensign tires!

COLOURS.

Second—

When you've toiled in the Punjaub for many a month
You may manage to read a page of the Grunth.

J. H. S.

Third—

Begorra, says Pat, in less than a month
The Fa ian b hoys and their prastely confessors
Have swore a big oath that they'll drive out their counth-
Ry's tyrants, bedad, and Saxon oppressors.
But there's the fighting onety-oueth
Lies quartered in Kinsale,
Will take the Fanians all their month,
And longer, I'll go bail.

HABEAS CORPUS.

Once a month, all the year round—Epigraph:

For your shelly-pearly prize I'll have a throw,
And this is by far the best rhyme that I know:

This world of ours does once in ev'ry year
Around *Old Sol* th' allotted circle steer,
Whilst *Luna* bright within each month
Around the earth her orbit runn'th.

LUNATIC.

The 13th day of the month, when the sun enters the tropics of Capricorn, and makes the winter solstice.

The dearest of lisping misses
I wooed with sweet words for a month,
Then I begged to get forward to kisses.
And she blushingly whispered, "Yeth, oneth."

PEG.

Or this way—

I pursued (not to say that she fled me)
My timid young love for a month;
"Tell me when," cried I, "dear, you will wed me."
She lisped out so sweetly, "at oneth."

MAGGIE.

I suppose, as Dundreary would say, I'm a dunthe,
For I never yet met with a good rhyme to month.

E. M.

People have searched from time to time
To that word "month" to find a rhyme,
But all in vain! Full well I know it
Has puzzled every aspiring poet:
But if I, lisping, call dunce "dunthe,"
I may be said to rhyme to month.

RUSTIC.

How graceful in form, how handsome in face,
How gay at a ball, how bold in the chase,
The pride of his corps, the drawing-room pet,
Who made all men envious, all women to fret,
Was Captain O'Dowd, of the Onety Oneth.

At school he was dull at Latin and Greek,
At Euclid obtuse, in Algebra weak,
His masters declared more often than once
He might be described as hopeless a dunce
As ever lisping repeated it "dunth."

At length he married an "heiress" one day.
When he found his "hair" was turning quite grey,
But the honeymoon tour revealed the fact
That his whiskers were dyed and falsely blacked,
And saddened the end of the bridal month.

PRIZE NOVELIST.

PRIZE WORD NO. IX.—CHRISTMAS.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

ON Monday Sir C. Legard's stud was offered for sale at Tattersall's. Of the 17 lots, four were bought in, Border Knight, Guy Dayrell, and Lady Colsterdale, at 1,500, 350, and 450 gs. respectively, and Vespasian, for whom there was not a single bid, at 1,000. Islam was remarkably well sold at 800 and Holywood at 175 gs.; Silenus, who looked pretty sound, was cheap at 300 guineas, as were Midshipman and Stork at 140 and 200. Blinkhoolie, with the blood of Queen Mary in his veins, is cheap as a sire at 650 gs., and Mr. P. Price secured Swift and Braemar for the Austrians. If they continue sound, they will be rare bargains over there, and sweep the board of all the big prizes. The rest fetched their value, and the whole lot may be pronounced well sold.

Having now fairly come to the end of the racing of 1869, and as the monotony of the next two months will be unbroken, save by the appearance of the weights and acceptances for the Spring handicaps closing in the first week of January, I intend to devote a few articles to the two-year-olds engaged in the Derby, and to endeavour to put my readers in the possession of information which will be conducive to their interest on the 1st of June prox. To select one horse for investment is my intention, as I am sure that to take Sunshine, Kingcraft, or Camel to win, with Stanley, Sunlight, and Astolfo for places, and Bridgewater and Macgregor as useful outsiders, would neither suit the public or myself. I shall go through the performances of all those who appear to have any chance at all, and as to dark horses, such as Bridgewater, I can only repeat what is told me from more or less reliable quarters. Many people are of opinion that, despite the strong favouritism in which Sunshine and Kingcraft are held, that the Derby is this year a very open one, and they no doubt derive their opinion from the very in and out running of nearly every two-year-old except Sunshine, and from the fact, in her case, of so many great two-year-old fillies, having licked the dust at three. The present list of candidates for the Derby may be divided into four classes, the unbeaten public performances represented by Stanley and Astolfo; those who have run successfully, as well as unsuccessfully, such as Sunshine, Kingcraft, Camel, Sunlight, Normanby, and Hawthorden; the dark allusions, viz., Bridgewater, Macgregor, Chancelier, and Blue Stocking; and the lively outsiders, such as Alaric, Katherine Logie colt, Torreador, &c. However, in order to avoid confusion, I shall discuss their respective chances in the order in which they stand in the betting returns, and having gone over them all, shall then finally fulfil the double functions of judge and jury by summing up and giving my verdict, which will, I trust, be confirmed at the Court of Appeal which Mr. Justice Clark will hold at Epsom on Wednesday, June 1st, 1870.

Sunshine is, of course, the first name which we come to. A bay filly by Mr. Merry's Derby winner, out of Sunbeam, who carried the Leger to Russley in 1858. This animal seems to give Mr. Merry a better chance of repeating Thormanby's victory than he has had since '61, when Dundee ran home second on three legs. Since that year when Thormanby won (1860), Mr. Merry has been second twice, third twice, and three times had a great winter favourite which either succumbed to the ills of horseflesh, and never saw the post till Liddington and Student finished ingloriously last, like the unfortunate Belladrum. Thus, out of nine years, he has only on two occasions failed to supply us with a great favourite or a runner up. And, as he won the race in the previous year with Thormanby, it would be a strange coincidence if he opened the decade of '70—'80 by running the same race with his daughter. As three-year-old fillies have so disappointed the public of late by their degeneration from their two-year-old form, as in the case of Achievement and Lady Elizabeth, Sunshine is not so hot a favourite, as she would have otherwise been; and I notice that there is not that *furore* on the part of the public to back her which generally is displayed for anything bearing the yellow and black banner. This, perhaps, may also be accounted for by the fact of Mr. Merry having two other representatives in Sunlight and Macgregor, both of whom, it is said, have been backed for a far larger stake *by the stable* than the filly has been. Whether this is true or not I am unable to say, but that some one has backed them for a very large stake is clear, Macgregor having been supported to win £53,000 between the Newmarket, July, and York meetings alone, and Sunlight having been backed as a yearling at a £11,000 to £220, and for more than £80,000 this season. Still that cannot detract from Sunshine's value, and we may freely draw the conclusion that the betting is a fair index of their respective chances. My own opinion is, that Sunshine is the most likely filly of any that I have seen to train on, as she is a strongly-built, well-put-together, compact mare, with a temper like a lamb, and all the gameness and pluck which has distinguished her gallant sire. She is far more likely to remain sound than anything Mr. Merry has had since the days of Scottish Chief, and if she only comes sound to the post, she is bound to render a great account of herself. Her performances, which I will rapidly notice, tell their own tale, as she has beaten nearly everything in the race, directly or indirectly. Like Belladrum in the previous year, she made her bow to the public in the Woodcote Stakes, when she disposed of a large but moderate field, winning, however, in a common canter, more than which it was not possible for her to do. Green Riband and Temple, however, who were second and third, were by no means bad ones, which was proved by their finishing first and third in the New Stakes at Ascot a fortnigbt after. Mahoma, too, who was among the runners, was pretty good at that time, as she, too, distinguished herself at the Royal Meeting by beating Kingcraft in that memorable race when they laid 4 to 1 on Lord Falmouth's colt. Admitting that he was not quite fit, it proves Mahoma to have been a very fair mare to beat him, even under those circumstances, looking at his after performances; but that we have no need to measure Sunshine and Kingcraft through her, as we have the Middle Park plate to settle that question. Declining a few engagements at Ascot and Stockbridge, Sunshine reappeared at Newmarket for the July stakes, and won in a canter from a field which included Alaric, Normanby, St. George, Waif, and others, who were very highly thought of. This, of course, firmly established her first favourite. Her next appearance was at Goodwood, where she fought out the first of her three combats with Martella, who had also shown such capital form at Newmarket July. The distance—four furlongs—was all in the latter's favour who started off at score, and appeared to be winning easily; but Mr. Merry's filly coming with her indomitable gameness caught her in the last few strides. After picking up a small stake at York, with 100 to 15 betted on her doing it, she confirmed the opinion of nine out of ten of the people who saw the race at Goodwood that, had it been a hundred yards longer, she would have won easily from Mantilla by beating her for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, cleverly, if not, easily; and this victory she followed up by a third, still more decisive at Newmarket S. Q., where she gave her 3lbs., and an easy beating over the T.Y.C. We now come to what was virtually her last performance as a two-year-old, for though she subsequently walked over for three stakes, it is not possible to derive any information from their result, nor does it make her either better or worse than before. In the Middle Park Plate, Sunshine and Kingcraft were carrying 7lb. penalties, and consequently giving Frivolity 3lbs. It is a matter of history now—the latter won by a head from Sunshine, with Kingcraft third, and the only debated point is whether Mr. Merry's filly lost the victory by being cannoned against by Kingcraft, or whether she was fairly and squarely beaten on her merits. Of course this must remain a matter for conjecture, and will no doubt furnish to sporting writers an argument for the advocacy either of Sunshine or Joe Dawson's stable, according to which side they espouse. My own idea is that Sunshine *was* interfered with by Kingcraft, and that otherwise she would have won a neck, thus making her 7 lbs. superior to Frivolity; which, if the latter is, as they say, the equal of Mantella, would be a true confirmation of the results of the triangular duel between these three fillies. I am inclined to think that though defeated in this race, Sunshine lost none of her laurels; on the contrary, the game way in which she ran and the unflinching courage she displayed at the finish give me a very high opinion of her merits. I believe, too, she was not quite herself on that occassion, so she had every disadvantage to contend against; yet with all that was only beaten a short head, with such animals as Kingcraft, Hawthornden, Normanby, Katherine Logie colt, Alaric, and Blue Bell behind her. After this race she was allowed to walk over for the Bretby Stakes on the following day, and for the Troy Stakes and a rich sweepstakes at the Houghton Meeting; in the latter race Mantilla, who was engaged, thinking discretion the better part of valour, and declining to encounter for a fourth time the Queen of Rissley. Thus Sunshine won nine out of her ten engagements, and was only beaten a head for the tenth. I will proceed to see next week if I can discover any form superior to this among the rest of the candidates.

FORECAST.

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASE FIXTURES.

DECEMBER.

Finchley .....27, 28 | Manchester 31, 1

JANUARY.

Hopgrove steeple-chases ..3 | Carlisle steeple-chases ..26

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeple-ch..8, 9 | Baschurch Steeple-chases..25
Derby Spring .....15, 16 | Newton Spring.....25, 26
Harrow Spring.....17, 18 |

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring 1, 2	G. Military and Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring ..8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring..22, 23, 24
Pontefract and West Riding 14, 15	Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire.....14, 15	Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeple-ch...15, 16	Bromley 31, 1
West Somerset Steeple Chases 16, 17	Cheltenham Steeple - chases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton 5, 6	Kingsbury 18, 19
Southdown Hunt 6	Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring 7, 8	Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring ..7, 8	Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeple-chases.7, 8	Croydon Spring 28, 29
Durham.....18, 19	Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven..18—22	

MAY.

Newmarket First Spring.2–6	Baldoyle 17, 18
Chester.....10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring....19, 20
Winchester 10, 11	Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.10, 11	Bath 24, 25
Salisbury 12, 13	Croydon First Summer ..26
Chelmsford 17, 18	Stamford 26, 27
York Spring 17, 18	Epsom Summer..31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye 7	Newcastle-on-Tyne21, 22, 23
Manchester.....8, 9, 10	Newton Summer..22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer ..23, 24
Ascot.....14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club 29
Windsor June 21, 22	Stockbridge 30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July 5, 6	Reading 12, 13
Newmarket July ..5, 6, 7, 8	W. Drayton Summer..14, 15
Sutton Park Summer ..5, 6	Knutsford.....15, 16
Worcester 7, 8	Huntingdon 19, 20
Pontefract Summer ..11, 12	Kingsbury Summer ..21, 22
Nottingham July....12, 13	Goodwood....26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST

Brighton 2, 3	Bromley 16, 17
Tiverton 3, 4	Stockton 17, 18, 19
Brighton Club 4	Oxford 18, 19
Lewes 5, 6	York August 23, 24, 25
Egham 9, 10	Plymouth 25, 26
Wolverhampton 9, 10	Scarborough 29, 30
Windsor August ..11, 12	Derby Summer..... 30, 31
Radcliffe 12, 13	Weymouth 30, 31
Lichfield 16, 17	

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick 6, 7	Hendon.....22, 23
Abingdon 8, 9	Western Meeting,
Doncaster Sept.13, 14, 15, 16	Ayr 21, 22, 23
Hampton Autumn ..20, 21	Newmarket First Oct.27—30
Richmond.....20, 21	Lanark 29, 30

OCTOBER.

Bedford 4, 5	Newmarket 2nd Oct..10—14
Leicester 6, 7	Cheltenham Autumn...18, 19
Bromley 6, 7	Newmarket Houghton.24, 29

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn 8, 9, 10, 11	Shrewsbury 14, 15, 16, 17, 18

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4½) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles)...	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles).....	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles).....	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅞ miles).....	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

WHETHER in the covert or on the table, there is no bird equal to the woodcock. As a delicacy he is unapproachable, and as an object of pursuit he ranks before any known bird—he may justly be called the fox of the shooter, and to "tag a cock" is the feat of the day when cover shooting. He is at one and the same time the easiest and the most difficult to secure, the slightest touch will bring him down, and yet he is oftener missed than any other bird. His silent, heavy owl-like flight just deceives you into the idea that there is no trouble in killing him, and then ere you can fire, he is off like an arrow from a bow, or darts suddenly round some low bushes or trees, so that it is any odds on a miss. Moreover, he seems to have the knack instinctively of putting limbs of trees and all kinds of obstacles between himself and the gun, so that unless he is stopped before the gets amongst the branches he will generally escape. Should he get so far, the chance is to catch him crossing a wide opening, Generally speaking, his flight is not a long one; hence, with good markers well posted, he may be secured after escaping several shots. Though at each fresh rousing his flight will become more swift and his movements more eccentric, so that a bad shot very often does not improve his chance by a longer acquaintance with the same bird. After being roused he will generally pitch or the edge of ridings, roadways, young springs or any other open spot, a yard or two within the high road. Woodcocks have arrived in England much earlier than usual this season from their breeding grounds in the north of Europe, and several good bags have been made by those on the look out for the delicious traveller. The birds first coming over seek any shelter they can find for a few hours, and having in that time refreshed themselves, once more pursue their journey to the inland woods and springs. They are never so fat or in such good condition as when they first alight, so that the shooter on the coast has a considerable pull over those more inland, in a gastronomic point of view. He must be lucky though to catch them, as their arrival generally takes place during the night, and but very few of them are ever seen during their temporary sojourn on the coasts. Though feeding in wet and arsmhy places, the cock likes a dry covert during the day, well sheltered, and hence he may be feund in the vicinity of evergreens, hollies, and so forth, affording a very favourite covert with him. When found, thay generally pursue the same line of flight, as well as in going to, and returning from, their feeding grounds. Those who know the coverts that are being shot have thus a great pull over strangers, and by selecting the spots where cocks usually pass can get the best chances of a shot. I have known them waited for about dusk, and killed as they went to feed over a certain place, and could point out two trees in a cover in Hampshire where many a one has been made to bite the dust by this means. I believe at one time fine nets were hung in the sidings they were known to take when a covert was being beaten, and several birds taken by these means, which I cannot call altogether sportsmanlike. I have never seen this plan followed. After all, people do not stand on very much ceremony with *Slolopax Rusticola*, as he is only a bird of passage, and the chances are that if they do not bag him to-day they may not have the chance to-morrow. Hence he gets but little law, and a fair cock shooter would come under pretty much the same denomination as a fair fox-hunter. Large numbers are poached, caught in syrings and nets, and from this source came nearly all that are seen in the game dealers' shops. He is too rare and too much valued for him to be consigned to a poulterer with the rest of the game when shot. For this sport nothing is so good as a spaniel, as only a small dog can gain access to his haunts. At the same time they must be very hard and bear work well. Clumbers are by many preferred for this, and they are generally considered steadier from fur, than other rarities. There is no doubt but they are exceedingly fond of the scent of a woodcock, and nothing can be more exhilarating than to hear the joyous notes of two or three couple as they touch on his trail. Then the shooter should push forward to them, keeping up wind, if possible. If his dogs know him well—and he will enjoy the sport far more where they do—he had better hunt them himself. If they know the keeper best, or any other person, of course he must do it, so as to give them every encouragement to force themselves through the thick cover they are called on to beat. Of course, snap shots must be taken in this sport, and a large share of misses must be put up with. But this only serves to render it the more exciting and enjoyable, and, after all, there is some credit to a crack shot in bagging a cock. Good markers are in great desideratum, and they may be placed in trees and other advantageous places, thus affording several chances at the same birds where they are missed on the first and second time of rising. Where the nature of the country renders it worth following in a regular manner, there is no better sport than cock shooting; and here a good trained spaniel, and a Newfoundland for a retriever, will give a grand winter amusement. I say a Newfoundland, because these depend, or appear to do so, more on the eye than the nose for recovering their game, and there is but little scent to a dead cock. The way in which they will often seem to mark the exact spot in which he has fallen, frequently at a long distance, is something marvellous. In far too many instances, however, the brood cock is not sufficiently numerous to warrant a man of moderate means in keeping all these appliances for his pursuit, and here we must be content to bag him, when found in the best way that we can. Like the snipe, a slight blow will disable him. He lies very close—so much so, as to be occasionally chopped by the dogs. One thing should always be borne in mind—not to fire when he is too close, as he is easily torn and spoilt; and, for the same reason, no dog should be used but such as are very tender-mouthed to retrieve, and steady to the downcharge when not wanted to do so.

IN THE ARENA.

THE result of the trial eights at Oxford cannot be otherwise than gratifying to the members and admirers of that University, for although there are complaints as to the time in which the race was rowed, it must be remembered that for the greater part the crews were not nearly trained, and therefore the respective "strokes" exercised a wise discretion in not hurrying their men. Nevertheless it was perceptible that the president of the Boat Club will have plenty of good raw material to select a first-class eight from next term. Tahourdin displayed undoubted ability for the post of stroke, far better than we expected, and will be a good successor to Darbyshire.

The annual dinner of the London Athletic Club took place on the 9th inst. at Willis' Rooms, under the presidency (in the absence of Lord Jersey) of Mr. R. E. Webster, of Cambridge, who our readers will recollect as the winner, in 1865, of the Inter-University mile and two-mile races. After dinner the chairman presented to Mr. W. M. Chinnery a service of plate, which had been subscribed for by the athletes in general as a recognition of his services while secretary to the London Athletic Club, and for the general good he had done in the cause of athletics. It was officially announced during the evening that the Messrs. Waddell had presented to the club two challenge cups of the respective value of £20 for races of 100 yards and half a mile. We are not aware what are the conditions of the races, but would suggest that they should be offered for competition four times in the year, and that, the winner (or holder of the cups) should on each occasion of victory, be presented by the club with a silver medal, and that the cup should always be the property of the club, in the same way as the "Queensbury Cups" for boxing belong to the "Amateur Athletic," and are only held by the winners during the period of their championship, as, if we remember correctly, this club had a very handsome challenge cup for 220 yards, which is now the property of a gentleman, who (although, doubtless, he would have held it the specified four consecutive times in order to become his own property) did actually only run *one* race for it; in consequence, on the second, third, and fourth occasions of his tenureship, no one opposed him; and this would be again the state of affairs with regard to the new cups if an exceptionally good man again comes out.

To-day (Saturday) the Thames Rowing Club Steeplechase comes off over eight miles of country. We hear that the entries are numerous, and that a field of nearly fifty may be expected at the post. We sincerely hope that none of them will lose their way, as it would be anything but pleasant to find oneself alone on Wimbledon Common at nightfall in the airy costume of the modern athlete. This will probably be the last race this year, and until the beginning of February there will be hardly any meetings of importance, and those athletes who have not appeared at the post during the first half of the season will have the month of January to devote to getting into condition.

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Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.—Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.—On MONDAY, Dec. 27, will be produced a grand spectacular, pantomimical, fairy extravaganza, entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Golden Mines. By Henry J. Byron. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
DION BOUCICAULT'S Drama, FORMOSA.—Last night.—Visitors from the suburbs of London are informed that this drama commences at ten minutes to 8 precisely, and ends at half past 10.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or Harlequin Old Mother Bunch, will be produced on MONDAY, Dec. 27, and positively withdrawn on Saturday, Feb. 26. Morning Performances every Wednesday, and Saturday during the above period. Box-office open from ten till five daily.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.
At 7. Operetta, ROSE OF AUVERGNE. Mr. Charles Lyall (his reappearance), Miss Tremaine, and Mr. Perrini.

GAIETY.—7.45.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, his 6th Appearance

GAIETY.—In a New and Original Three Act DRAMA.

GAIETY.—By HENRY J. BYRON.

GAIETY.—UNCLE DICK'S DARLING.

GAIETY.—Miss NEILSON as MARY BELTON.

GAIETY.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Miss Maria Elsworthy.

GAIETY.—Mr. JOHN CLAYTON Mr. Teesdale, Miss Litton, &c., in UNCLE DICK'S DARLING.

GAIETY.—10.10.—LINDA OF CHAMOUNI (Musical Burlesque). Miss Farren, Miss Loseby, and Company of 150.

GAIETY.—No fees. Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open ten to five.

GAIETY.—Notice.—MONDAY NEXT, Dec. 20, 1869, new grand Historical Burlesque, by Mr. George Augustus Sala, called WAT TYLER.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. New Bulesque, by William Brough, EVERY EVENING at 9. Preceded by Halliday's Farcical Comedy, 130th Night. CHECKMATE. Box-office open from 11 to 5.—ROYALTY THEATRE.

ROYALTY THEATRE. — "The Flying Dutchman Hornpipe," at 9·15; "The Flying Dutchman Galop," at 9.20; "The Flying Dutchman Apparition," at 9.22. THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, by William Brough, EVERY EVENING.

ASTLEY'S.—On Monday, December the 27th, will be Produced E. T. Smith's 29th Pantomime, entitled, JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK, in which MASTER PERCY ROSELLE will appear.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Splendidly redecorated. Open for the winter season.—THIS EVENING, at 7, MY PRECIOUS BETSY. At 7.45 Dion Boucicault's great Drama, THE STREETS OF LONDON, revived for a short period, in which Mr. Vining will make his appearance in his original character of Badger, supported by Messrs. R. Phillipps, Ashley, Stuart, J. D. Beveridge, D. Lecson, Eburne, Romer; Mrs. Mellon, Miss Addie, Miss M. Brewer, Miss E. Barnett, &c. To conclude with THE FAST COACH. Mr. J. G. Taylor.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.—MRS. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess Pocohontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success."—Standard.

GLOBE.—Mr. H. J. Byron, as Sir Simon SIMPLE, in his new farcical Drama of NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, Every Evening.

GLOBE.—LORD BATEMAN, or the Proud Young Porter and the Fair Sophia, a new burlesque by Henry J. Byron, founded on the celebrated ballad, in which Miss Fanny Josephs will make her first appearance, is in active paeparation.

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.
Under the Direction of Mr. Allerton.
TO-NIGHT, First Appearance of the American tragédienne, Mrs. F. W. LANDER, formerly Miss Davenport.—At 7.15, a new comedietta, called AS GOOD AS GOLD. Miss and Mr. Coghlan. After which, at 8, first time, a Play in Five Acts, entitled ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND. Characters by Mesdames F. W. Lander, Burns, Harflüer, Tory; Messrs. Allerton, Harcourt, Coghlan, Ellis, Hamilton, Neville Scott, Weldon, Parry. To conclude with the RENDEZVOUS. Doors open at a quarter to 7, commence at a quarter-past 7.

ALHAMBRA.—Managing Director, Mr. Fred. Strange.—EVERY EVENING, entirely new programme and change of performance. Three New Grand Ballets. Exclusive engagement of the great and original Mackney; Mr. Harry Boleno, in his celebrated Tableaux from the Great Masters; Maclagan, the impersonator of Sims Reeves; the Manley Family, extraordinary acrobats; and the latest novelties and varieties. The most gigantic entertainment ever pleced before an audience. Company of 500 performers. Splendid band of sixty selected instrumentalists. Commences at eight. Prices, 1s., 2s., and gallery, 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; private boxes, £2s., 31s. 6d., and 21s.—Box-office open from eleven till four.

CANTERBURY HALL.—Special Notice.—Great Preparations are being made for the Christmas Holidays. A new GRAND SPECTACULAR BALLET, in four scenes, will be produced on Boxing Night on a scale of great magnificence, in which Miss Lizzie Dashwood will make her first appearance since her tour round the world.

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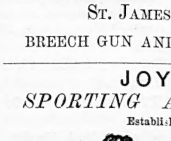

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